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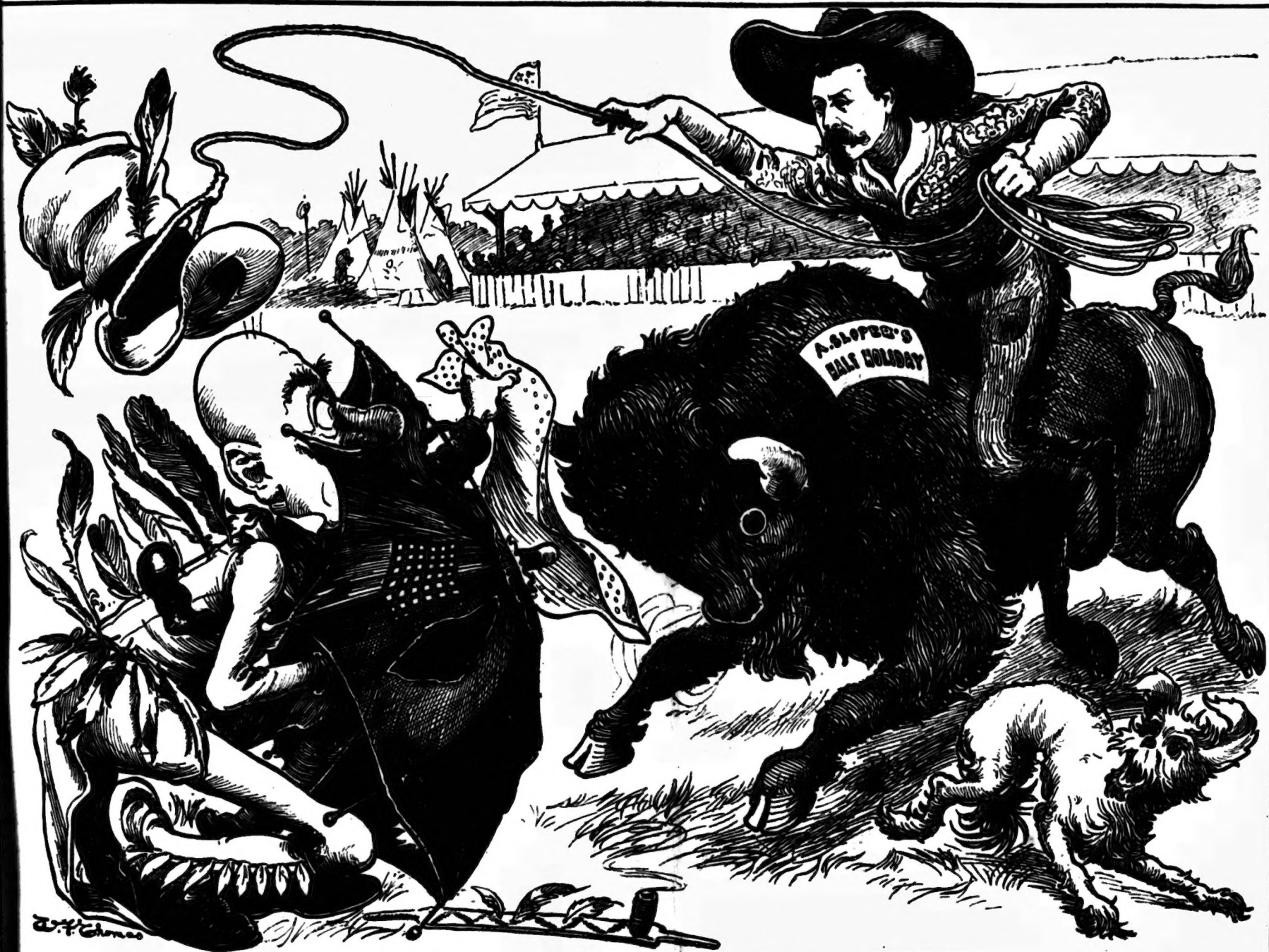
ally Slopers' Half Holiday

BEING A SELECTION, SIDE-SPLITTING, SENTIMENTAL, AND SERIOUS, FOR THE BENEFIT OF OLD BOYS, YOUNG BOYS, ODD BOYS GENERALLY, AND EVEN GIRLS.

Vol. IV.—No. 189.]

SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1887.

[ONE PENNY.]



BUFFALO BILL'S WILD WEST.

"No announcement had been made to the Public of Poor Papa being in the Show at all, so that on Monday last, when he appeared in the arena in the costume of a Sioux Indian, the excitement was intense. Papa's movements when attacked were most skilful, and Buffalo Bill afterwards confessed that in all his experiences in the Wild West, he had never met any living creature to equal Papa for actions of a retiring, but decidedly of an offensive nature."—TOOTSIE.

ALLY'S FRIEND STANLEY IN AFRICA.

Some Extracts from a Letter just received at "THE SLOPERIER."



1. "The Europeans save me an immense amount of labour by the manner of going about their duties."

2. "The Somalis are excellent fellows, being exceedingly intelligent and willing."

3. "We have to march through a country suffering from famine, but find means to live somehow."

"OLD PATCH."

WAS Master Charley Price a good boy? Well, what do you think?

Master Charley Price's papa sold second-hand clothes in Monmouth Street, St. Giles's, about a hundred and forty years ago, and one day Charley, being short of pocket money, ripped some old gold lace off a suit in his father's shop, popped on his elder brother's (the good boy's) coat, stepped round the corner and sold it to an old Jew. Unfortunately for the good boy, the old Jew, having furnished up the lace, had the misfortune to come to Charley's own papa's shop to sell it. "Hullo," cried Charley's pa, "this is mine: how did you get it?" Why, of him—the tallest, answered the Jew, pointing to the eldest son, who accompanying Charley, at that moment appeared, wearing the borrowed coat. "What for?" was that good boy's portion.

In 1780, after numerous displays of ingenuity, more or less remunerative, Mr. Price, then fifty years of age, made several new and strange appearances in London town.

One day, a simple, honest young fellow by the name of Samuel answered an advertisement for a man servant. A week later a coachman enquired for him at his lodgings, saying that an old gentleman over the way desired to speak to him. He found there in a coach the funniest old gentleman, swathed in flannels, buttoned up to the throat, with a patch over one eye and his hat brim pulled down over the other—the oddest old gentleman you ever heard of, with a

mania for buying lottery tickets. He bought them with Bank of England notes, too, Samuel entering the shop, changing the notes, buying the tickets, and bringing the change back to the old gentleman in the coach. In a day or two, after having passed notes (which turned out to be forgeries) to the value of £1,400, Samuel was taken into custody to be locked up for twelve months, whilst the old gentleman drove off in his coach and was no more seen or heard of.

Shortly after, however, another funny old gentleman, wrapped up in flannel, with green spectacles, green shade, large "bush" wig, and hat slouched over his forehead, called on a grocer in Oxford Street, bought some few things, and, dropping in again when the master was out and saying he was suffering from jaundice, got a prescription from the shopman, for which he promised, if cured, a liberal reward. A day or two later, quite cured, he appeared once more, and made the shopman a present of a ten-pound note, at the same time asking him to cash one for £50, which the shopman did of a neighbour. The next day, during the master's absence, old Patch was back yet again, and induced the shopman to change five other fifty-pound notes at his master's bankers for smaller ones, with which he departed to appear no more.

But we find Mr. Price in a new disguise soon after this, very busy at the expense of a city merchant, whom he met on 'Change, and presented a letter of introduction to him from a Dutch merchant, explaining that a certain Mr. Trevors had defrauded the Dutchman of £1,000, and begged that the Englishman would assist in recovering the money. This was readily agreed to; on which Mr. Price said: "Trevors most likely will be upon 'Change to-morrow. He is dressed in a red surtout, white wig, square-toed shoes, and very small buckles. Your best plan will be to get into conversation with him, invite him to dinner, mention the matter, show this letter, and inform him if he does not refund the whole or part of the money that you will expose him. He is very rich and has always cash or notes about him, and will pay."

This advice was acted on. Charles Price again artfully disguised met the merchant, went home with him, had an excellent dinner, and, taxed with his dishonesty, produced, with tears in his eyes, a thousand-pound note, desiring to pay £500 on account and receive £500 change. He got it and departed, the merchant going joyfully to bed. Next day, however, on closer inspection, the note proved to be a forgery, and when the unhappy victim rushed to his bankers, it was to learn that his draft had been cashed four hours earlier.

Price ought to have retired from business rich, but cheats and rogues rarely do this, so presently being caught he hanged himself in Tothill Fields, Bridewell, before his trial came on, having by his deceptions obtained and squandered at least £100,000. He left behind him a wife and eight children.

"There's no knowing people sometimes," said Alexandry. "The actors at the theatres, and the artists on this and other papers, do their level best to produce poor Pa with pleasing varieties, and sometimes if it wasn't for the hat and coat and umbrella—"

And here a deep silence surrounded the boys whilst they pondered on a possible impersonation.

(Next week—well, there!)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* * Owing to the demand on our space, we cannot guarantee to answer Correspondents immediately on the receipt of their queries—particularly the queerest; but all questions put to the Editor, or to any member of "THE FAMILY," will be answered in due course.

MESSRS. SAMUEL LEWIS & CO. (Holborn, E.C.).—"The Family" will have the pleasure of visiting your "show" on the first opportunity. Pa wants something nice for Tootsie.—PIANISTE (Upper Holloway).—"The waits, a Bright Shadow," is by F. G. Hime.—A LITTLE FRIEND (Battersea).—"Good little fellow. Thank you."—ROBERT PEGG (Norwich).—"Miss Tootsie is glad you like her."—"Fashion Fancies." True, "bran poultices and cabbage leaves" are Snatcher's prevarications against sunstroke. Will not forget your fishing offer.—T. (Reading).—"Your lost articles are very good, but they will never be found."—RADICAL (London).—"Your query to A. SLOPER, M.P., is one that his Eminence is fain to wink at. He cannot see why or wherefore he should call any gentleman "a puppy." In fact, such remarks are against his moral teachings. Hokey! The gentleman you mention has had the SLOPER "Award of Merit."—ANON.—Thanks for communication, but regret we have no space for your drawings. Miss Tootsie's portrait was sent, as you requested, to Edinburgh.—H. SILVESTER (Edgeware Road).—"The key has been placed among the 'Relics.' Portraits will be sent upon receipt of postage for same."—FRED D'ANSON (Savoy Buildings).—"ALLY SLOPER, Esq., returns many thanks for the song written and composed for him, and sent by you. He has given it to the music master at 'The Sloperies,' who has not yet returned it."—OLIVER TWIST (Spitalfields).—"Your health and happiness."—HENRY M. HOWARD (Kensington, W.).—"Thanks for joke; it is an old one."—E. MOON (Queenboro').—"We are pleased you have such high appreciation of the 'HALF-HOLIDAY' in your town, and take such interest yourself in its pages. A. SLOPER, F.O.M., sends greetings."—CHAS. W. WOODCOCK (Queenboro').—"It is roughly estimated that the cost of ripening the luscious stewed pear in front of the Eminent's phiz would cause a revolution in the mintage of the Empire. Many pious individuals have pleaded with ALLY in respect to the 'blue ribbon'; but, as McGooseley expresses it, 'The old rascal remains obdurate.'"—W. FURNESS (Penrith).—"The precocious youth deserved a blessing."

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"THE SLOPER SCHOOL OF ART"

99 Shoe Lane, Fleet Street,

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* * The List will close SATURDAY, MAY 21ST, 1887.

JUMBLES AND GINGERBREAD.

"PA, what is meant by giving a person the cold shoulder?" "Why, my dear, it means that when you meet him, you cut him, after which there is sometimes a bone to pick between you."

Alexandry. Please, Mr. Sweetstuff, I want a penn'orth of what you don't sell. [Rapid advance of the enemy. Capture of Boy Sloper. Smack! Smack!! Smack!!!]

Shopkeeper. There, you little varmint, take that. That's what I don't sell! I'll give it away.



FASHION FANCIES.—By Miss Sloper.
No. 159.—The "First Rose of Summer" Costume.



A BEAUTY.
One of the Blood-gutted's pet playthings, warranted quite harmless.



THE COMING JOCK.
This was Pickhead when he was supposed to be winning the Payne Stakes. Oh, woman, woman, you have a lot to answer for.



OH, THE JUBILEE!
Result of drinking too much of the Queen's good health. "Godshavshqueensh!"



ROUND THE CORNER.
Pippy. Ah, a petticoat! I must give her a fetching glance.



WOMAN, LOVELY WOMAN.
They say the waitresses at the Yankeries will be dressed in this fashion, and why not?

"WHAT breed is that dog of yours?" "I dunno." "He looks like a cross-bred animal." "Well, he ain't, then, 'cos he's as 'fectionate a beast as ever I seed."

Farmer Giles. I be goin' to law, Mr. Redtape.

Lawyer Redtape. And what are you going to law for, farmer?

Farmer Giles. Why, for damages, to be sure.

Lawyer R. That's right! You are sure to get them.

[And so he did. Before the case ended he was damaged to the tune of £500.]

THEY were conversing about spiritualism in the smoking-room of a certain hotel, and it was proposed that the matter should be tested. A circle was made, the gas turned down, and they sat with commendable patience for over half an hour, but nothing occurred. "We might have been sure of it if we had thought for a moment," remarked one of the company. "Why?" "Because all the 'spirits' in this house are sure to be below 'proof'."

"WHAT is this world, O maiden fair?"

"A place in which to mate and pair."

"What is this world, O business man?"

"A place where all get rich who can."

"What is this world, O lady old?"

"A place to gather gems and gold."

"What is this world, O tradesman, tell?"

"A place in which to buy and sell."

"What is this world, O fisher brave?"

"A place to land a wat'ry grave."

"Pray tell us, Sage, now, how you take it?"

"This world is what you choose to make it."

It is strange how customs alter. Formerly the gift of a plain gold ring was the token of freedom to the bondsman, while now it is the outward sign of slavery—matrimony, we mean.

SCENE—Fruiterer's Shop, not a mile from the Bank.

Customer. How much are your cucumbers?

Shopman. From sixpence, sir.

Customer. And how much are the pine-apples?

Shopman. Fifteen shillings that one, sir, and—

Customer (indignantly). What do you mean? Look at the notice in your window. "Cucumbers are cheap to-day! Pine-apples are cheaper!!" You are a swindler! I won't have one now at all.

A PASSENGER by one of the penny steamboats slipped the other day and fell into the river, whence he was promptly fished out by a certain gallant pier-master. After he had somewhat recovered, and as he was leaving, he thrust a shilling into his saviour's hand. The pier-master looked at the money and then at the man, and then, turning to one of his men, observed, "This is the first job, Bill, that I've ever been overpaid for."

Jones. Oh, Miss Prettylass, my love for you is consuming me! My heart is on fire, and if you do not take pity on me, I shall be cremated alive!

Miss Prettylass. You need not be afraid of that, Mr. Jones; you are too green to burn.

THE Editor of this weekly, or weakly, rag receives some funny presents, and still funnier letters, but the following takes the cake. "Dear Sir,—Accompanying this is a bottle of my infallible remedy for delirium tremens. Please try it, and if successful, as I am sure it will be, give it a line in the 'HALF-HOLIDAY.'" McGooseley suggests that he ought also to have sent a quarter-cask of whisky to have produced the d. t.s.!

His slumbers were troubled; she saw him start;
His hand convulsively pressed o'er his heart;
He muttered and moaned in a restless way,
And then she waited to hear what he'd say.
"Dear Tottie," he murmured, "star of my life,"
Oh, horror! he dreamed, and not of his wife;
In less than a second she'd a handful of hair,
And of dreaming in future she bade him beware.

LAST Sunday a certain worthy Nonconformist minister met a member of his congregation, who observed, "Oh, Mr. Thumpet, I owe you five shillings." "My dear friend," said the minister, "this is the Sabbath. I couldn't take it to-day." "But I'm off to Liverpool to-morrow." "Oh, in that case just slip it into my waistcoat pocket, will you? Thanks. Good-bye."

Jones. You know Robinson, who has the off licence down the road?

Smith. Yes.

Jones. He was fined ten shillings yesterday for being tight in his own shop.

Smith. That seems hard.

Jones. Not at all. He was drunk on the premises, and he's only got an off licence.

THAT City missionary has been on to poor old McGooseley again. He got him by the button-hole the other day, and observed, "Now, McGooseley, you cannot deny that a man who drinks as you do, is a fool." "Humph, yes, that may be," replied the champion boozier, fixing his moist eyes on the other, "but there are a good many foolish who don't drink." [The missionary departed in sorrow.]

Young Wife. Oh, John, look how it rains! Surely you will never go up to town in this weather?

John. I must, my dear. I have to be at the office whether or no.

A WOULD-BE masher was laying down the law the other day in a railway carriage with regard to a certain legal point, and one of the passengers inquired if he belonged to the profession. "No, I'm not a lawyer," he replied, "though a good many people take me for one. Now, what would you take me for?" "I should take you for a fool," growled the old gentleman in the corner; and then the conversation took another turn.

I WISH I was in Fairyland,
And had but just to wave my hand;
To have all things at my command,
I first would have a lovely girl—
A perfect tart, a reg'lar pearl,
With ripe red lips and hair in curl;
And then a dinner rich and rare,
Which with my darling I would share;
And then— But hush, or there'll be strife,
For here comes my ill-tempered wife.

THEY were both evidently unaccustomed to driving, and, something displeasing the horse, he stood still, and then began to kick. "Oh, John," she screamed, "do get out and hold his legs, or else he'll kick right through." John looked nearly foolish enough for anything, but he didn't attempt that.

Fashionable Mother. I don't know what has come over my Algernon the last two or three days, he seems so broody.

Country Cousin. Better throw a pail of water over him, that's what I do when my fowls get that way.

"Do you see that man? Ten years ago he resolved to make a fortune, and he is quite bent on accomplishing his purpose."

"Ah, that accounts for his stooping so."

Robinson. Well, I must get on. Are you going my way, Smith?

Smith. I hope not, old man. I am a bit wild, I know, but I should be very sorry if I thought I was going your way.

TOOTSIE ALL AMONG THE PRETTY PICTURES AND PRETTY DRESSES.

EVERY well-regulated girl ought to go to the Royal Academy Exhibition. I, of course, went to the private view (or very nearly).



(131) "Marianne." J. W. WATERHOUSE, A.

"False charges, indeed; I should like them to say anything about me!"—TOOTSIE.

It is night-time, very late perhaps, and they have returned from the opera or the playhouse, from some grand dinner or aristocratic reception, and they have "fallen out" desperately, that is, quarrelled in the brougham. Maybe in the stalls of the Royal Apollo Theatre. Monsieur seems to have had the worst of the encounter. There is an indefinable expression in his face and air of having been vanquished.

A young critical gentleman was saying all this, or very like it, which possibly he had learnt by heart out of a newspaper.

IN Mr. J. Solomon's "Samson," continued the critical young man, "he shows us how the insidious Delilah has betrayed the Strong Man to the Philistines; and a marvellous demonstration of the physical anatomy of the Philistines make while they are engaged in the pleasing task of garroting the Strong Man and binding him with cords. Such an exhibition of spinal columns and mesial lines, scapulae and extensors, clavicles and scapulae, ribs and hips and thighs has not been seen for a very long time; while Samson looks like the Laocoon without his sons and his serpents. Samson is waiting for his life and his life, and the Philistines mean to



(291) "The First Cloud." W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A.

"There's no mistake about 'ts being Washing Day.'"—A. SLOPER.

Give him of one or the other, or both; but outside all this noise and turmoil there should be a little compensating contrast in the form of repose, and in this picture there is none. After all, Delilah is a woman, and not a fiend, and she may have been just a little tired, perhaps, just a little sorry, when she saw the man who had loved her so foolishly and so fondly, fast in the coils of his foe.

Mr. Solomon's Delilah is a gipsy-looking imp, who shrieks with laughter over the consummation of her treachery, and derisively shakes in Samson's face the locks which she has just shorn from his head.

For Ma wh. was with me, said this picture put her very much in mind of a scene she saw at the Shoe Lane barber's the other day, when the whole barber tribe rushed at Pa and tried to shave his dear old head.

Mr. J. W. Waterhouse's "Marianne" is also a capital picture and which she had been condemned through the false charges brought against her by Salome, Herod's sister. False charges, indeed, I should like to hear anyone bringing false charges against



(503) "Samson." SOLOMON J. SOLOMON.

"Have your back-hair, ALLY."—A. SLOPER'S BARBER'S SLAVEY.

Let them know, and so would any well-regulated girl. But I am sure no one would expect modern girls to do anything wrong. A young man was going on at further length out of some other room when I began to feel faint, so we went to see whether there was any refreshment room.

EACH WEEK'S COMPETITION COMPLETE IN ITSELF.

"If at first you don't succeed, try, try, try again."

ALEXANDRY.

TWENTY SILVER KEYLESS WATCHES GIVEN AWAY EVERY WEEK.

THE "SLOPER" WATCH.

Guaranteed to keep perfect time.

With this week's "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY," TWENTY "SLOPER" WATCHES will be given away to Purchasers of the Paper only.

Each watch will have engraved upon it a faithful likeness of A. SLOPER, Esq., Friend of Man. Cut out and fill in the Label printed below, and post it to:—

THE "SLOPER" WATCH DEPARTMENT, "The Sloperica," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

THE "SLOPER" WATCH COMPETITION.

"Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday," May 14th, 1887.

Name.....

Address.....

Age.....

Occupation, if any.....

How many times applied.....

How long a Purchaser of the "Half-Holiday".....

The results of each week's Competition will be published in "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY." The list for this week's Competition will close on Wednesday evening next, May 18th, 1887. The Result of the Competition of May 7th, 1887, will be published in the "HALF-HOLIDAY" for May 21st, 1887.

* * Specimen "SLOPER" WATCHES are on view at The Sloperica. * *

40th WEEK RESULT OF APRIL 30th COMPETITION.

The following Twenty Applicants have been awarded "SLOPER" WATCHES:—

1. SAMUEL MARRISON, Warehouseman, 147 Finsbury Street, Bethnal Green. Age, 23 years. Subscriber—2 years and 3 months. LONDON.
2. A. W. BROOKS, Waterman, 68 Brackenbury Road, Hammermith. Age, 18 years. Subscriber—133 weeks. LONDON.
3. FRANK INGRAM, Footman, 21 Chesham Place. Age, 23 years. Subscriber—17 months and 2 weeks. LONDON.
4. JOSEPH RUSHTON, Stationer's Assistant, Phoenix Tannery. Age, 20 years. Subscriber—about 2 years. RUGELEY.
5. FRANK EVANS, Tailor, Castle Street. Age, 28 years. Subscriber—about 6 months. BISHOP'S CASTLE.
6. H. PECK, Gentleman, Elm Tree Avenue. Age, 30 years. Subscriber—18 months. BARTON-UPON-HUMBER.
7. FREDERICK PENDREY, Coachman, Crown Cottages, High Street. Age, 30 years. Subscriber—2 years, 4 months. EGHAM.
8. E. J. PALMER, Dressmaker, Barton. Age, 24 years. Subscriber—1 year. AMPHILL.
9. GEORGE HENRY ROBINSON, Fattler, 33 Meadow Street, Ironville. Age, 24 years. Subscriber—9 months. ALFRETON.
10. CHARLOTTE HIGGS, Lady, Seabrook Farm, Tanner Street. Age, 35 years. Subscriber—since commencement. BARKING.
11. C. MELVILLE LEANING, Accountant, Bridge Mills. Age, 19 years. Subscriber—3 years. CULLUMPTON.
12. MARY CARRICK, Lady, 30 Emlyins Building. Age, 37 years. Subscriber—since commencement. ETON.
13. THOMAS FAIRCLOUGH, Farmer, Lime Kiln Lane, Burtonwood. Age, 39 years. Subscriber—over 2 years. NEWTON LE WILLOWS.
14. EDWARD DENT, Wine Merchant, High Street. Age, 36 years. Subscriber—2 years, 6 months. HONITON.
15. ARTHUR WRAY, Country Hawker, Rein Deer Yard, Wilbert Lane. Age, 38 years. Subscriber—about 2 years. BEVERLEY.
16. CHARLES S. COLWELL, Printer's Devil, Back Lane. Age, 16 years. Subscriber—13 months and 2 weeks. STRATTON.
17. THOMAS CARPENTER, Railway Porter, 13 New Road. Age, 27 years. Subscriber—since commencement. LITTLEHAMPTON.
18. JAMES FOX, Stone Mason, 8 Primrose Street. Age, 28 years. Subscriber—since No. 2. TYLDESLEY.
19. JAMES RIDLEY, Steamboatman, Dockway's Bank, East Holborn. Age, 21 years. Subscriber—2 years, 1 month. SOUTH SHIELDS.
20. GEORGE ALLMAN, Clerk, Knutton. Age, 36 years. Subscriber—since commencement. NEWCASTLE (Staff.).

A VAGUE REMINISCENCE.

A ROSE that is faded and scentless,
A note that is yellow with age,
A writing that Time, the relentless,
Has almost erased from the page:

Are these the remains of a passion
That made my blood quiver like flame?
Am I ice that I speak in this fashion
Of—there, I've forgotten her name!

Oh, vanity! where are the speeches
That whispered of faith unto death?
Oh, vanity! everything teaches
That vows are as fleeting as breath.

And all that remains is a vision
So misty and broken and blurred
That scarce I'd aver with decision
The incident ever occurred.

One touch of oblivion's poppy—
And nothing is left of the past—
Except—well, ah, yes—there's the copy!
Hi, boy! there's your parcel at last.

LABOUR IN VAIN.

WEST country folks have to put up with a good deal of chaffing about one thing and another, but whether they flogged the "hakey" fish or not, the following is a fact:—"It was an inland village, and a gentleman received a present from London of a tub of native oysters. He gave a dinner party in honour of the event, and ordered the cook to open the oysters and send them in. After waiting for some minutes, the servant brought in two large dishfuls of empty shells, observing, 'The cook says she's sorry to have kept you waiting, sir, but she had such trouble to clean the plaguey things and take out their innards.'"

A BOUQUET.

HE was a young husband, and a young fool, which a good many young husbands are. His wife was pretty, cheerful, bright-eyed, saucy, and happy—at least, she was so once. She had altered somewhat. And why? The young husband had taken to theatre-going. He had taken a little, too, to drink.

"So curious, too," said his mother-in-law, "he has such a love of flowers." In fact, you could see him nearly every day in Covent Garden looking at the flowers. He bought a good many, but he only brought home cheap things.

His wife knew but little of his ways.

That he stopped out late she did know.

But he was affectionate, and brought her flowers. It was so pretty of him.

"I am afraid, Jack, we are getting a little behindhand with bills and things. Of course, you must have some pleasure. It's dull at home. But if you don't mind me saying it, it fidgets me."

"All right, dear," he answered, "but I have had a little too much whist at the club. I'll pull myself together."

He was very bright and cheerful that evening. He stood his wife a little dinner in the Strand, and took her to the Lyceum afterwards.

"Jack is turning over a new leaf," she said to her mother. And both were pleased, for Jack had had the investing of the mother's, as well as the daughter's, money.

A week afterwards two men came to the house in the afternoon when dear Jack was away.

"Who are you?"

"Well, we've come to take possession under this order."

Alice sent to her husband in the City. He had never been to the office that morning. What could it all mean? He had bolted and left the wife and mother behind utterly ruined.

One day Alice, now a broken-down needle woman, for she had taken to drink as a slight consolation, was walking in Covent Garden Market. She stood behind two men. One was pointing to a bouquet of yellow roses, and was saying—

"That's just like the things that idiot Dawson who bolted used to throw at the Tangerini." Now, the Tangerini was the most popular of dancers at the

"Oh, that was the woman, was it!" the deserted wife said to herself. "She shall have a nice bouquet from me now she can't get any more from my husband."

The next day Alice looked up a foreigner in Soho, who was said to have left his native country for political reasons, and who wished to help the woman on her downward course once she was started. A long consultation took place, with much animation on both sides.

A fortnight afterwards, in the warm moonlight, flushed with applause and laughing to her companion, the Tangerini stepped into her brougham.

A woman stepped up to the window.

"Take this bouquet, dear lady. It is from one who loves you."

The dancer loved a little novelty of any sort. She liked the compliment, and took the flowers.

"How heavy they feel!" she said.

"What an awful crash!"

"As the brougham of Middle Tangerini was seen driving through Maida Vale, a most fearful explosion was heard. Flames were seen rising from the wreck of the carriage, the ruins of which the horses, seized with fright, tore through the road with. The body of the unfortunate artist was found in the road by Hilton Gardens, the face being barely recognisable from the force of an explosion that must have been caused by dynamite. At present there is no clue to the mystery."

A half-drunken woman was reading this to herself in a garret in St. Giles's. She laughed, and filled her glass.



He brought her flowers.



"Who are you?"



"Take this bouquet, dear lady."



ALL VERY FINE AND LARGE.
Fitznoodle. My dear fellow, haven't you them already skinned? Such a doocid trouble to do it yourself, don't you know.



THE CRICKETING OF THE FUTURE.

What we shall have to do if the late rainy weather continues. Hurrah for cricket!



EXTRACT FROM LETTER FROM STANLEY.—"The natives are very intelligent—the females being specially active."



WHAT OUR SUBEDITOR HAS TO PUT UP WITH.



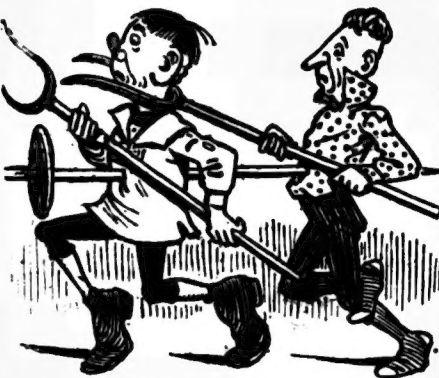
1. "Good-bye, lass; take care of thyself. Shall be back at t' end of th' week, and I wool bring thee back a keepsake from Lunnnon," said Farmer Beans, as he kissed the fair brow of Clotilde, his daughter, ere he started by the night mail for the Yankeries.



2. Farmer Beans had been gone some time, and Clotilde was cheerfully lighting the candle to illumine her to her virtuous couch, and was humming a merry tune, when a knock came at the door. "Tis father returned," said she, as she opened it. But, no, a stranger entered!



3. "You are," he inquired, "Clotilde, surnamed Beans, known as the Village Beauty?" "I am, sir—especially the latter," she modestly replied. "But why this interrogation? Ah, I know! we have come into property, and you are the lawyer." "I am Lionel, known as the Libertine Lord," he said, "and, hearing of your beauty, resolved to possess you. Come!"



4. "Unnaid me, my lord!" cried Clotilde. "Never!" he exclaimed. "Help, help!" she cried; "Giles! George! help!" But when the trusty serving men made their appearance, Lord Lionel seized the spit, which reclined above the chimney-piece, and went for the honest lads.



5. Having vanquished them, he made for the door with his half-fainting burden. "Stay, my lord!" she cried, suddenly recovering; "let me understand you—what are your intentions?" "Strictly honourable, believe me," he replied. "Under those circumstances, I am yours, my lord," said she, falling into his arms.



6. "I am, sorry, dear," said Clotilde, now Lady Lionel, "that you were so hasty—I mean on Giles' and George's account." "Have no fear for them, dearest," replied his lordship, "money and sticking-plaster will do wonders; and your father says they are as hearty as ever."



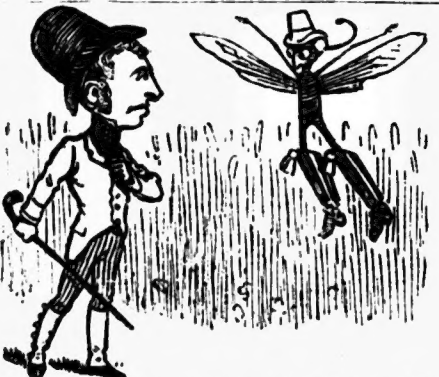
MACMOUTHER DESPONDENT.—"What with that Hirvin' and the blessed 'Yankeries,' it's enough to crack up any one."



POLITICS, AS WE UNDERSTAND THEM.



John Bull. Jonathan, you all seem to flock to my little island to show your goods.



Farmer Bouncer discovers a new species of the insect tribe.

THE BOYS ON THE WAR PATH.



ACT I.—Boy Sloper (to Mate). There's a lonely spot a little further on. You come alonger me, and I'll show you what a lark we'll have with the two old gals.



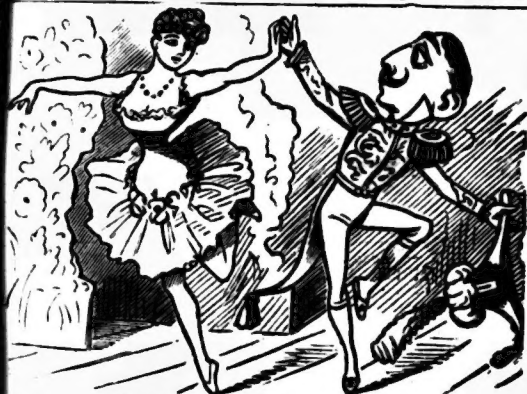
ACT II.—A LONELY SPOT.—Boy Sloper (after the manner of his ancestors, suddenly). I love yer.

[General mixing up of old gals.]



OUR WEEKLY WHIRLIGIG.

Here you are, Ladies and Gentlemen! Although the weather has been rather tricky lately, I have again managed to come up to the scratch this week with—'Tis enough to fill our hearts with woe, To see our blessed money go:—Off a stick one man can easily dine— Asparagus so large and fine:—The Brighton Mystery they can't trace. If true, it was a heartless case:—The Sausage proved to be too strong. Though Froggy swore he'd done no wrong:—Ten years to prison he was took. The trustee quickly slung his hook:—He killed the poor dear child at Poole. The cruel monster, cowardly fool!—So from the wedding he was missing— Mayhap he didn't like the kissing.—Next week I shall, weather permitting or not, again startle the world with a buster.—THE SLOPERIAN SHOWMAN.



DOING THE LIGHT FANTASTIC.
General Pom-pom, the terror of the world, says he enjoys this far more than the battle-field.



FROM THE 'JAPS'
Two sweet little maids wondering whether they will be able
to capture rich English husbands.



If he leaveth the wife of his bosom
during the entrate



Let her resort unto him and call for another bottle of the same



Let her behave with cheerfulness and tender solicitude for his comfort



There will be
chm-music over
the bill, but her soul
shall rejoice within her.

ALLY-CAMPANE.

SEVERAL correspondents have lately written to the Eminent about the law of libel. It is a subject in which he is deeply interested, and seeing that they ask for guidance upon the matter from him instead of the Lord Chief Justice, he is only too happy to lay open to them those abundant stores of knowledge which everybody knows he possesses. It is always safe to libel anyone, provided he does it gracefully. For instance, a Wisconsin editor lately referred to a prominent fellow citizen as "a red hog." A libel suit naturally followed, in which the plaintiff obtained ten thousand dollars damages. Why? The reason is clear. His favourite colour was blue. If he had been called a blue hog he would have taken it as a compliment. Another example, if anyone was to say ALLY's nose was blue, he would, without any hesitation, sue them for heavy damages, for, as everyone knows (no joke), that would be a most barefaced libel.



WHEN Mrs. Langtry went to America for the first time, printed slips were distributed among the audience, asking each person present to say (1) Whether she was pretty; (2) If she had a good figure; (3) Could she act? The same questions were asked about Tootsie the other night at the "Friv.," and didn't the mashers just answer!

JANE —, a young woman of prepossessing appearance, who stated that she was the wife of "Lewis the Light," was charged with disturbing the congregation at the Brompton Oratory. The prisoner created no little sensation on being brought into court, as she was dressed in a peculiar manner. Her bonnet was trimmed with emerald green satin, emblazoned with the words, "Queen of Hades" in large letters of gold. On her right breast she wore a banner of green with the inscription, "Hope of Erin," and on her left breast "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY," one penny weekly.

TALKING parrots are familiar to all of us, and have been so ever since the soldiers of Alexander of Macedon brought back from India the ring parrot, which still bears the name of the conqueror. It is surely new, however, to hear of a canary which can talk as glibly as any parrot or starling. Such a specimen is declared to exist at Lowestoft, the little thing being the property of a lady, who has successfully instructed it to repeat several words and phrases, as well as to simulate the notes of other caged songsters. The next thing we shall be hearing about, if the School Board keeps on progressing, will, in all probability, be the talking worm and the singing flea. Who knows!

ACCORDING to a scientific paper people do not take sufficient care of their eyes. "The person who wishes to keep his eyesight good until late in life," says this authority, "should allow nothing irritating to get into them. Most people," unfortunately, we further learn, "leave cinders in their eyes a week or ten days, probably through thoughtlessness." Do they, indeed! We are not given, ourselves, to extravagance, but the first man who comes to this office after having, we will say, kept three moderate-sized cinders in his eyes for ten days, shall walk away with as many five-pound notes in his pockets as we are able to cram there. So, "Half-Holidayites," with fire-grates for eyes, trot this way at once, and your fortunes are made.

THE Dook Snook says things are managed very curiously in France. It is asserted that George Ohnet bound himself to make good any losses they might entail on the management of the Gymnase, and the long run of his pieces has cost him in the case of the *Maitre de Forges* £20,000, the *Comtesse Sara* £1,000, and *Serge Panine* £8,000. A. SLOPER once promised to make good any losses that I. Moses might incur over a Punch and Judy show—but he only promised once.

THE advantages of teaching physiology and anatomy in public elementary schools are not always apparent. The woman who was before the Rye magistrates to prosecute a couple of quacks for defrauding her might, however, have saved her money if she had had even a smattering of those "extra subjects." Mrs. Sloper says she would then hardly have been persuaded that her daughter suffered from worms in her eyes, which consumed the nourishment that should have flowed from the brain to the optic organ.

ONE of the monthly "magazines" comments in an article on the "Sad Case of Ugly Men." What does it mean? ALLY thinks that there is a certain distinction in being ugly—or, shall we say, in being plain? "Better to rule in hell than serve in heaven"—that has been the feeling of many a man, and it applies as much to personal appearance as to any other cause. Ugliness excites attention, and attention, for hundreds, means what they most live for. Your "plain" face is passed by in the street: your "ugly" one is remarked, and that is everything. In fact, the Eminent often regrets that he was born with such handsome features as he possesses, as his beauty has been far from a blessing to him.



THE force of the explosion which occurred at the Hanworth Gunpowder Mills was felt for many miles round. At Hounslow, two miles distant, glass was broken and houses were shaken. Several hundred men were working in the factory at the time of the explosion, and they, in accordance with the rules of the establishment, ran from their work and jumped into the water. Had the Eminent been "on the job" at the mills, it's not unlikely that, in his case, the rule would have been broken.

THE women in the Sultan's seraglio at Constantinople have just been vaccinated to the number of one hundred and fifty. The Italian surgeon to whom the task was confided, was stationed in



front of a huge screen, and the women were concealed behind it. A hole had been made in the centre of the screen just large enough to allow an arm to pass through; and in this manner the arms of various colours and sizes were presented to the operator in rapid succession, thus making it utterly impossible for the surgeon to get a glimpse of his patients. But why all this bother? ALLY considers it would have been far better to have let the doctor sit down by the side of their couch and console the poor little dears.

MR. DE CELIS, of Los Angeles, proposes that pairs of holes shall be cut through the hull of a man-of-war below the water-line at suitable intervals. Through the one hole a powerful light shall be thrown by a bull's-eye lantern, while through the other a look-out man searches the illuminated water for torpedoes. As soon as the attacking torpedo appears in sight, a torpedo is launched to meet it from the ship, and explode it before it can get to close quarters. Bill Higgins suggests that old Celis had better put his head in one of the holes and keep it there.

A FRIEND of the Hon. Billy has discovered a new Mexican flower, which is certainly quite a wonder, if reports are true. Like A. SLOPER, it is said to be white in the morning, red at noon, and blue at night, and is further credited with emitting perfume only in the middle of the day.

WHEN lopped of some of its horseplay, and acted with more rapidity and precision, Charles S. Fawcett's new farce, *A Tragedy*, at the Royalty will serve its purpose very well. Alice Atherton does not appear in it, and, strange to say, W. Edouin's part of the unappreciated actor is as much too short as some other parts in the piece are too long. Nevertheless his excellent acting makes it, as he himself would say, "stand out." Mr. Edward Emery as the luckless playwright, imitates Mr. Charles Wyndham with curious fidelity, and not without success. Other parts are cleverly played by Mr. Eric Lewis, Mr. Chevalier (who was so good in *The Schoolmistress*), Miss Marie Hudspeth, and Miss Olga Brandon.

THERE is a playful irony about the news of the "singular case of treasure-trove" in Dublin. The workmen who discovered the iron box containing "an interesting collection of coins of the 16th and 17th centuries, mostly copper," would doubtless have held the collection to be very much more interesting if the coins had been in gold. Treasure-trove all brown and no yellow is certainly a case of the ginger-bread without the gilt. Since reading the above, The Blood-Gutted and the Blue-Eyed have done nothing but dig up the garden at Mildew Court till it looks more like a clay-pit than anything else. Up to the present they have only found two worms, a battered farthing, and a piece of an old shoe supposed to have been used years ago for the midnight-cat.

AN application, involving a point of no slight importance to householders generally, and to the F. O. M. in particular, was made at a police court a few days ago. "A respectable looking man applied for a summons against a man for continually knocking at his street-door." The person who thus annoyed him, when told to go away, was in the habit of becoming very abusive, which was rude. The applicant reluctantly admitted that he owed some money to the importunate knocker, who only came to recover his debt. The magistrate advised the applicant to put a stop to the nuisance by paying the money he owed. The modesty of a man who thus shows how a creditor has to act towards him does not commend itself to the refined susceptibility of ALLY SLOPER. It is reported that Ikey Moses was interested in the case, but you know what Moses' interest means—about 200 per cent.

THE O'SLOPER says one of the most satisfactory signs of the times is the revival of emigration from Ireland to America. The younger generation seems to note that the disturbed state of the country has frightened away capital and diminished the demand for labour. Hence their flight to a country where land is cheap, agrarian quarrels are unheard of, and boycotting is unknown, and where the Irish race has amassed an amount of wealth it could never have secured at home.

SIR ANDREW LUSH made a very pretty little speech at the Guildhall a day or two ago in a case where a gypsy was charged with stealing a diamond and pearl brooch worth £30. A lady riding in Canon Terrace identified the trinket. She said she was upon Epsom Downs recently, and had her fortune told. Afterwards she walked about the Downs, and on her return to the carriage missed the brooch, whereupon the learned alderman said that "people do drop a great deal on Epsom Downs at times." The Hon. Billy quite agrees with the worthy alderman, as when he was on the Downs people were dropping about all over the place, evidently under the influence of the sun.

ALLY's friend Okita is performing at the Central Halle, Leipzig, and is creating quite a sensation. Okita is an F.O.S., and her "Award of Merit" exhibited in the entrance hall causes the Germans to drink more lager beer and eat more onions than they generally do. This says something for the influence of A. SLOPER in Germany.



A CHRONICLE OF CURIOUS EVENTS.

A CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING MAY 21ST, 1887.

15th May, 1833.—Edmund Kean, the eminent English tragedian, died this day, aged forty-six, at the little theatre at Richmond (pulled down in 1885), and was buried in Richmond Church. Kean was the son of a scene carpenter (whose brother, Moses Kean, obtained some notoriety as a mimic and ventriloquist), and his mother was the daughter of the well-known George Saville Carey, the dramatic writer and performer. He was born in Castle Street, Leicester Square.

15th May, 1880.—Twenty-three persons were this day killed by a boiler explosion at the works of the Birchill Hall Iron Company, Walsall.

15th May, 1886.—A man was this day suffocated in a fire at Stanhope Street, Clare Market.—On the same day three lives were lost by the overturning of a boat on the Thames, near Bray.

16th May, 1811.—At the battle of Albuera, which was fought this day, the 57th Regiment, now the Duke of Cambridge's Own (Middlesex Regiment), from its courage earned the name of "Die Hards." This battle, which commenced early in the morning, after a terrific contest, in which victory wavered from one side to the other, ended in the defeat of the French, who lost 8,000 men. The brunt of the action was borne by the English, who had only 1,500 unwounded men left, "the remnant of 6,000 unconquerable British soldiers."

16th May, 1878.—An old man named George Stanley was this day committed for three months, as a rogue and vagabond, for loitering about King William Street and the Strand, with a felonious intention. The man had made himself up like a clergyman, and it was his habit to walk about in a slow and apparently contemplative manner, with an umbrella partially open in his hand. Several women, well-known thieves, were his associates, and when they succeeded in stealing a watch, piece of jewellery, or a purse, the stolen property was quietly dropped into the umbrella as he passed.

16th May, 1881.—Titus Oates was this day sentenced to be whipped and pilloried with the utmost severity.

17th May, 1800.—An early notice of gas appears in the *Times* of this date in an advertisement of a display of "Philosophical Fireworks," at the Lyceum Theatre, which states that "the theatre will be illuminated by a most curious aëroferic branch, which is lighted and extinguished in a moment." The ground whereon the Lyceum stands was purchased about the year 1765, when the Society of Artists was incorporated by James Payne, the architect of Salisbury House, and on it he built an academy or exhibition room, to anticipate the royal establishment then in contemplation, and here several exhibitions took place. The apartments consisted of a large saloon, with a skylight, and lesser rooms adjoining.

17th May, 1881.—The revised New Testament was this day published.

17th May, 1849.—A fight this day took place at Madrid between a bull and a tiger, at which about 90,000 people were present. Lord Clarendon informs us that Pope Pius V. published a Bill against bull-fighting in Spain.

17th May, 1882.—Steamers arriving at New York on this day from the Westward reported that icebergs of immense size were passed daily between May 7th and 17th, which were visible for forty miles. Arctic animals were seen upon them, some living, and others skeletons. Ten waterspouts were also observed, whirling in dangerous proximity to a vessel from Aspinwall. They were rendered visible by the lightning.

18th May, 1703.—It is but little known that the universally diffused tales of "Mother Goose," "Blue Beard," "Tom Thumb," "Cinderella," &c., were the productions of the celebrated French writer, Charles Perrault, who died this day in the seventy-sixth year of his age. The translator of the pretty tale of the "Little Cinder Girl" made a curious mistake, which has been so long current in English, that it seems like sacrilege to disturb it. In the original the slipper is described as *pantoufle en cuir*, that is, a slipper made of fur (*cuir*). The translator, being more familiar with the sound than the sense, read this as if it were *terre*, that is, glass; and the glass slipper, we suppose, will remain for ever a part of the story.

18th May, 1885.—The revised Bible was this day completed and published.

18th May, 1861.—Nicholson Renton, self-styled "The Baron," died this day, aged fifty-two.

18th May, 1857.—The Reading-Room at the British Museum was this day opened. The height of the dome is 106 feet, and the diameter 140 feet. The room itself contains about 80,000 volumes.

18th May, 1882.—The new Eddystone Lighthouse was lighted up for the first time this day by the Duke of Edinburgh, in his quality as the Master of the Trinity House.

19th May, 1603.—The licence which James I. granted to Laurence Fletcher, William Shakespeare, James Burbage, and others, empowering them "To exercise the faculty of playenge plaies both in the Globe Theatre and through all the realm," was dated as above. Our own great author has himself told us the shape of the Globe in the preliminary chorus to "Henry the Fifth":—

"Pardon, gentles all,
The flat unraised spirit, that hath dared
On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth
So great an object. Can this cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France? or may we cram
Within this wooden O the very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt?"

The Globe Theatre was situated on the Bankside, the site now occupied by the extensive brewery of Messrs. Barclay and Perkins.

19th May, 1810.—The explosion of a powder magazine occurred this day at New Haswell, in Hungary, which destroyed 300 houses, killed 80 persons, and 300 were dug out of the ruins injured.

20th May, 1856.—Casey, the editor of the *Sunday Times* this day shot James King, the editor of the *Evening Mirror*, at San Francisco. Casey was arrested and conveyed to gaol under great popular excitement. Subsequently the Vigilance Committee, numbering 3,000 men, proceeded to the gaol, and took Casey and another murderer to the committee rooms, where they were tried and hanged.

20th May, 1653.—We read in John Evelyn's Diary of this date: "I went to see a coach race in Hyde Park, and collation'd in Spring Garden."

20th May, 1885.—A professional swimmer, named Oldum, succeeded this day, in spite of the efforts of the authorities to prevent him, in jumping from Brooklyn Bridge into the water below, a drop of about 130 feet. For a second or two he preserved a straight balance, but before touching the water his back bent, and falling on it, he broke every rib in his body. He was conscious when picked up, but died in a few minutes.

20th May, 1880.—The foundation stone of Truro Cathedral was this day laid by the Prince of Wales.

20th May, 1771.—A florist at Haarlem this day refused 10,000 florins for a hyacinth.

21st May, 1527.—When Isabella, the mother of Philip II., King of Spain, born this day at Valladolid, was ready to be delivered of him, she commanded that all the lights should be extinguished, that if the violence of her pain should occasion her face to change colour, no one might perceive it. And when the midwife said, "Madam, cry out, that will give you ease," she answered, in good Spanish, "How dare you give me such advice? I would rather die than cry out."

"Spain gives us pride—which Spain to all the earth
May largely give, nor fear herself a dearth!"—CHURCHILL.

21st May, 1813.—On this day and the one previous was fought the Battle of Bautzen. The Prussians were driven from their positions, and Napoleon advanced to Breslau, leaving 12,000 Frenchmen in the searching claws of their *executeurs*—the crows!

21st May, 1804.—The first interment in the cemetery of Père la Chaise took place this day.

THE SPOT ON THE SUN.



ASTRONOMERS say there's a spot on the sun. But they do not explain how he got it. Ignoring his splendour, they think it is fun To dwell on his failings. Ods rot it!

Apollo is old; and we well may conceive Th' this figure 'as grown somewhat potty; But Apollo's still bright, and we will not believe That his face, so effulgent, is spotty.

There's a beauty mark, true, on his countenance; And his crime, for the purpose,

But let them a wager of fifty to nine; That the thing they deride is a dimple.

Each Week's Competition Complete in Itself.

SLOPER'S WEEKLY PRESENTS.

The Friend of Man is now giving Two Substantial Presents away every week to Purchasers of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY" one to a Lady, and one to a Gentleman. All that has to be done is to cut out and fill in the Label printed below, expressing a wish "what the Applicant is in want of," and post it to:-

ALLY'S "PRESENT" DEPARTMENT,
"The Sloperies,"
99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

* Applicants must write distinctly in left-hand corner of Envelope whether it is a Lady or Gentleman applying.

SLOPER'S WEEKLY PRESENTS.

"Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday," May 14th, 1887.

Name

Address

Want*

* "Sloper Watches" will not be given.

15th WEEK.

RESULT OF APRIL 30th COMPETITION.

The following Applicants have been Awarded

- "SLOPER PRESENTS."
- ELISE LEWIS, 21 Conyers Street, LIVERPOOL.
 - BURTON NEWBALD, 11 Raglan Terrace, WHITBY.
- A HAND SEWING MACHINE.
A MUSICAL BOX.

TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY.

Advertisements, as under, will be inserted in this column free of charge, provided the Sender's Name and Address is enclosed with the Advertisement, not for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

Address—TOOTSIE, "MATRIMONIAL AGENCY,"
"THE SLOPERIES,"
99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

A YOUNG LADY, aged 22, height 5 ft. 6 in., wishes to correspond with a gentleman a year or two older than herself, with a view to matrimony. She has brown hair, grey eyes, and is of a very loving and cheerful disposition. Can sing and play a little. Has no money, but would make a good wife to a loving husband. Will send photo, if desired. Address—"TOOTSIE," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

A PROFESSIONAL GENTLEMAN, bachelor, aged 25, income £200, would like to meet with a nice young lady, domesticated, fond of music, with private means. Letters containing photo, if convenient, may be sent to—"ALGERNON," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

A YOUNG LADY, with dark hair and brown eyes, height 5 ft. 4 in., and considered a good figure, would like to correspond with an educated gentleman, with a view to matrimony. Advertiser has a very gentle and loving disposition, and is thoroughly domesticated, and fond of home. She would not object to a widower, or to go abroad. Kindly enclose photo, and address—"SEMPER FIDELIS," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

A GENTLEMAN, aged 30, dark, hazel eyes, considered good looking, height 5 ft. 10 in., wishes to correspond with a young lady, with a view to matrimony. Is affectionate, fond of home and children. Comfortable income and great expectations. Lady tall, dark, musical, and amiable preferred. Enclose photograph, which will be returned if disapproved of, to "VET," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

CLAUDINE, aged 19, height 5 ft. 9 in., would like to correspond with a young gentleman, with a view to matrimony. Must be tall, over 5 ft., good looking, and well educated. Aged between 20 and 30 years. Claudine a good looking, well educated, and has an income of £300 a year; fond of home, and of a very loving disposition. No notice taken of letter unless accompanied by photo. In strict confidence. Address—"CLAUDINE," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

* NOTE.—Tootsie undertakes, free of charge and post-free, to forward unopened, to the parties interested, all letters received in reply to the above advertisements. Advertisements already received, which do not appear above, will appear as soon as space admits.

THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

"It has come to the knowledge of A. SLOPER, Esq., M.P., that there are those who doubt the genuineness of the Letters published from numerous celebrities acknowledging the receipt of his 'AWARD OF MERIT.' A. SLOPER, Esq., T.W.M., wishes to assure his patrons that every letter that has been published under the title of 'THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX' is bona fide, and a Prize of £100 and the 'AWARD OF MERIT' itself will be given to anyone who can prove the contrary.

GAIETY THEATRE, STRAND, April 17th, 1887.
DEAR ALLY,—Accept my most sincere thanks for (with that perspicacity which characterises all you do) having judged me a worthy subject on whom to bestow your highly-prized 'Award of Merit.' In return, allow me to offer you—you dear old man!—a vacancy in the 'Ballyhooly Blue Ribbon Army,' where, I am sure, your great ability as a putter-down of strong drink will ensure your speedy promotion. You will find our favourite poison, though, in Ballyhooly, called by the harmless name of *limonade*, even of more potency and toothsome than your own beloved unsweetened. Yours in the sacred cause of temperance,
EDWIN J. LONNEN.

LOYAL'S EUROPEAN SPECIALITY COMPANY, LONDON, April 17th, 1887.
MY DEAR SLOPER,—Many thanks for the 'Award of Merit,' which you so kindly sent yesterday. I feel sure that my Australian friends will be proud of the honour done me.
In return for your kindness, I should like you to take Little Lulu's place some evening in the wheelbarrow, that is, when you feel that way, and I am positive you will enjoy the ride given you by
Yours faithfully,
ELLA ZUILA
(Heroine of the Lofly Wire).

GAIETY THEATRE, April 17th, 1887.
MISS COLLINS has much pleasure in acknowledging her 'Award of Merit,' and feels highly complimented that ALLY SLOPER considers her worthy of it.

ROYAL AQUARIUM, WESTMINSTER, April 18th, 1887.
MADAME MARIE SCHIPEK, conductress of the 'Viennese Ladies' Orchestra,' begs to return her sincerest thanks for the 'Award of Merit,' bestowed upon her by the Friend of Man, and, as in her case evidently, of Woman, too; and will ever cherish it dearly as a token of goodwill and encouragement to herself and the young ladies following her *bâton*.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, LONDON, April 18th, 1887.
BELOVED FRIEND,—I throw myself at your big feet, and kiss them and the ground they tread upon, for elevating me to the sublime dignity of an F.O.S. I was quite overcome with emotion when I beheld my prize there, slap-bang before me, and every fibre tingled with love and joy particularly when the charming picture of your exalted self caught my wondering gaze, sitting in the 'prompt' corner, evidently waiting, like your pal Micawber, 'for something to turn up.' But, I say, ALLY, old fellow—oh, I say!—what price that awful signature of yours? It looks like an iron chain that's been beaten and battered by wind and storm, and put out to dry; and no post office, even in London, could vouch for the authenticity of each letter. Why don't you, for pity's sake, old man, get Tootsie or the Dook Snook to write your letters and sign your name? Does it hurt you much? You know, your grappling-irons were never made to wield pens. They were made to wield bottles and sundry twos of unsweetened, and there, in that game, you old raspberry tart, you not only win the cake, but the cakery. Well, ta-ta, old jelly-fingers, and don't forget to give my love to 'the maid of the Bill,' Tootsie (the Hon. Billy's mash, eh?), and the rest of your aristocratic friends.
I am, thine for ever,
MULVY OUSELEY.

April 19th, 1887.
MY DEAR AND ONLY SLOPER, THE FRIEND OF MAN,—With huge delight I hasten to acknowledge the 'Award of Merit,' which I am proud to say takes the cake over everything this child has seen. Bravo, ALLY! May you live for a thousand years for the good you have done. This comes direct from the heart. You have done more for me than all the doctors put together. Previous to receiving the 'Award of Merit' my eyesight has been sadly affected, but the first gaze on your dear picture completely restored my optic vision. And once more I would say it shall have the most prominent position wherever I go. And, again, I would remark that my feelings are so overcome with joyfulness that I cannot express them. And once more again, I would say your autograph alone has completely cured me of the liver complaint. And in conclusion, firstly, I would mention that your valuable tonic (unsweetened) has so much improved my nasal appendage that I hope before long to see those much-coveted blossoms on its mulberry tip, so that I may for ever be recognised as a true Sloperite. With best wishes, dear ALLY,
Yours dreadfully, awfully, thankfully,
WALTER HOWARD, F.O.S.

GLOBE THEATRE, April 20th, 1887.
DEAR MR. ALLY SLOPER,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of the 'Award of Merit' you have so graciously awarded to me. I suppose I ought to feel highly flattered at being a bird of (I presume) your feather, but when I gaze at the picture of that rich and radiant nose, I must say I trust that mine will never blush and glow in the same manner. I hope you will not feel offended, and will ever regard me as 'your friend.'
VANE FEATHERSTON, F.O.S.

F.O.S.
The Eminent has this day conferred his
AWARD OF MERIT

Upon the following Exhibitors at the Royal Academy, the Qualifications being stated beneath each name, together with the numbers of the Pictures in the Catalogue:—

- | | |
|--|--|
| FRANK DICKSEE, A.,
Because he painted "Hesperia."
(420) | J. PETTIE, R.A.,
Because he painted "Mrs. R. H. Pringle."
(81) |
| SIR JOHN GILBERT, R.A.,
Because he painted "Sir Lancelot du Lake."
(347) | BRITON RIVIERE, R.A.,
Because he painted "An Old World Wanderer."
(76) |
| KENNY HALSWELLE,
Because he painted "A Breezy Common."
(921) | W DENDY SADLER,
Because he painted "Ladies and Gentlemen."
(376) |
| CLAUDE HAYES,
Because he painted "The Swollen River."
(218) | J. S. SARGENT,
Because he painted "Carnation, Lily, Rose."
(359) |
| J. C. HOOK, R.A.,
Because he painted "Tickling Frost."
(683) | JOHN MACWHIRTER, A.,
Because he painted "Shores of Iona."
(830) |
| W. W. OULESS, R.A.,
Because he painted "Sir Horace Jones."
(12) | H. WOODS, A.,
Because he painted "Under the Vine."
(47) |

"THE SLOPERIES," 99 Shoe Lane, Fleet Street, London, E.C.
May 14th, 1887.

HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS.

CURIOUS CROCKERY AND SLOPPY GARMENTS—(H)ewers of wood and drawers of water.
AN AUTHOR'S QUERY.—Does "copy" ever mean "crib"?
THE CITY ALMS.—The poor-box at Guildhall Police Court.
ALLY knows a girl whose face is far from pretty, but then she "makes up" for it in other ways.

A HONEYMOON IN HIGHLOW TERRACE.

(Commenced in No. 124.)

CHAPTER XXI.—(Continued.)



It is an enormous relief when at length the hateful meal, during which I hardly speak a hundred words, reaches its conclusion, and I am left to my wine.

I glare at my wine when I find it thus in my power. I gulp it in brimming bumpers. I have a sort of wild desire to carouse, to push around the bowl metaphorically, and, all by myself, to lustily troll forth a Bacchanalian chorus.

But a glass or two too much always makes me so poorly afterwards, and I refrain.

Rose Anna opens the door, and says, "How can you be so absurd?"

"What do you mean?" I ask.

"What do you mean?" she retorts; and when she has gone away again I really don't know that I can

satisfactorily answer the question.

To tell the truth, I rather fancy I have been making an idiot of myself.

But it must not go on. I take another glass, and go and wash my hands and brush my hair, in a little sanctum sanctorum I have got next to the back kitchen.

Then I put on a smiling countenance, and advance briskly towards the drawing-room. But when I am half way there the street door closes with a bang.

I look out of the window. My wife and her friend have gone out. I glance at the table, where a letter is lying, and find it addressed to me. Breaking it open I read these words,—

"DEAR OLD CROSSPATCH.—We have gone out to spend the evening, and hope you'll soon recover from your bad temper. Yours,
"ROSE ANNA AND FANNY."

What does this mean?

Am I to calmly submit to this sort of thing?

If I am not, though, how am I to help it?

CHAPTER XXII.
UPON THE TRAIL.

AFTER all, though, what harm is there in my wife and her old schoolfellow going out together to spend the evening?

Certainly, they might as well have said where they were going to; also, perhaps they might have asked me to accompany them.

But then, I must allow, that is a matter of opinion.

I think this standing by the window and gazing pensively out upon the houses on the other side of the way, and whilst thus employed I am the witness of a remarkable occurrence.

You may remember a profligate person with an eye-glass who lived opposite, and who annoyed me a good deal some time ago by staring at Rose Anna?

He still lives opposite; he still stares at Rose Anna; and he annoys me a good deal more than ever.

I have thought over this person's conduct more than once, and the more I think of it, the more I am disgusted; but not being a fighting man, and he being very much so, I don't exactly see my way, with a whole skin, out of the difficulty.

At this identical moment I see him at his window, kissing his hand and telegraphing wildly to some person in the direction which Rose Anna and Fanny have taken.

Is it for Rose Anna that these signs are intended?

I am certain that he sees me looking at him, but he treats me with contempt, and continues to nod his head and smile. At this my blood begins to boil, and I rush to the door.

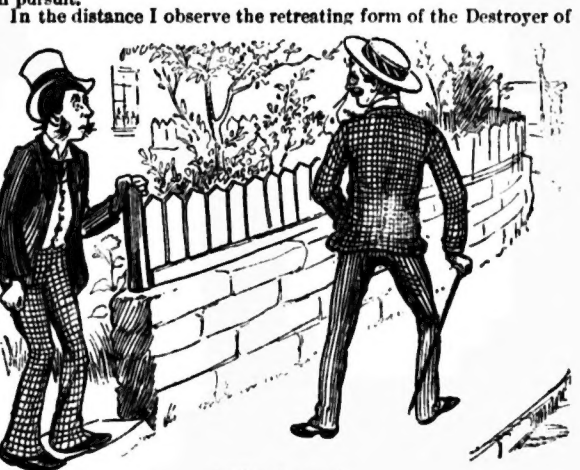
The ladies are not visible, but, looking across at that fellow's window, I see he has put his hat on, and a minute afterwards he comes down into the street, and passes me with a significant smile, taking the direction in which my wife went a few moments ago.

What does this mean?

I ask myself the question in so awful a tone that it almost startles me in the gathering twilight.

As well as I am able to judge, without exactly knowing if I shouldn't feel the same if I wasn't, I feel as though I were hovering upon the eve of a fearful discovery.

Under this impression my knees seem to give way under me, but I have yet sufficient strength to reach my hat off the peg, and follow in pursuit.



I follow in pursuit.

Domestic Happiness. He turns his head, and, seeming to observe me, quickens his pace.

I was not, then, deceived. He is following them. And what was the meaning of the signals? There is undoubtedly an assignation. But let them beware!—(To be continued.)



ANOTHER INSULT TO THE FAIR SEX.
Fitzwink. Hi, Guard! come and remove this creature from the station. She is looking at me as if she would like to claim me for her husband.
[Guard doesn't see it.]



THE HON. BILLY'S NEW "TART."
He has thrown her half a dozen bouquets every night for the last week, but as yet she hasn't noticed him.



FROM THE "FRIV."
He. Where are you going to, my pretty maid? She. I'm going for a sailor, sir, she said.
He. What the deuce are you going for, my pretty maid? She. To see that the salute-guns are fired, she said.



Poor old Dobkins, won't he get it when he gets home.



The fleet will salute eventually, and so will these two.



"The rain it raineth every day"—or nearly—except on other days.

SIGNS OF THE LAWN TENNIS SEASON.



Tris (to Prudentia, elder sister). Prue, dear, aren't you pretty nearly sick of lawn tennis? Why do we do it?
Prudentia. Well—you don't understand—but it's about the only game we can play—with men.
Tris. Bother men!
[Hear, hear!—TOOTNIE.]



WELSHING AT KEMPTON.—This gentleman is not the only bookmaker who has attempted to fly, by any means. Our worthy friend, SLOPER, has been known to hastily make himself scarce after a race meeting. Bookmakers, are a fly race. Possibly, when he found himself 'an'ed, he cried, "I lay on the field!"



FINE FEATHERS MAKE FINE BIRDS.

ally
Slopers

BEING A SELECTION, SINCE

Vol. IV.—No. 160



"At the Royal Academy in fact, if he didn't take said he thought of living



1. "Let the whole world sing on the right, Mukhe, old boy, keep up your bay die; you shall be conductor-in-charge."